His venome tooth will rankle thee to death,
Haue not to do with him, beware of him:
Sinne, death, and hell haue set their marks on him,
And all their ministers attend on him.
Glo. What doth she say my Lo: of Buckingham?
Buck. Nothing that I respect my gracious Lord.
Q. M. What dost thou scorne me for my gentle coun-
And sooth the diuell that I warne thee from? (sell?
O but remember this another day,
When he shall split thy very heart with sorrow,
And say poore Margaret was a prophetesse:
Liue each of you the subiects of his hate,
And he to your, and all of you to Gods. *Exit.*

Hast. My haire doth stand on end to heare her curses.
Ryu. And so doth mine, I wonder shees at liberty.
Glo. I cannot blame her by gods holy mother,
She hath had too much wrong, and I repent
My part thereof that I haue done.
Qu. I neuer did her any to my knowledge.
Glo. But you haue all the vantage of this wrong.
I was too hoat to doe some body good,
That is too cold in thinking of it now:
Marry as for Clarence he is well repaid,
He is franckt vp to fatting for his paines,
God pardon them that are the cause of it.
Ryu. A vertuous and a Christianlike conclusion,
To pray for them that haue done scathe to vs.
Glo. So doe I euer being well aduisde,
For had I curst, now I had curst my selfe.
Cates. Madam his Maiesty doth call for you,
And for your Grace, and you my noble Lo:
Qu. Catesby we come, Lords will you go with vs.
Ry. Madame we will attend your grace. *Exeunt man. Ri.*
Glo. I doe the wrong, and first began to braule
The secret mischiefes that I set abroach,
I lay vnto the grieuous charge of others:
Clarence whom I indeed haue laid in darkenes,
I doe beweepe to many simple guls:

Name-

Namely to Hastings, Darby, Buckingham,
And say it is the Queene and her allies,
That stirre the King against the Duke my brother.
Now they beleeue me, and withall whet me
To be reuenged on Riuers, Vaughan, Gray:
But then I sigh, and with a piece of scripture,
Tell them that God bids vs do good for euill:
And thus I cloath my naked villanie,
With old odde ends, stolne out of holy writ,
And seeme a Saint, when most I play the Diuell:
But soft, here comes my executioners. *Enter executioners.*
How now, my hardie stout resolued mates,
Are you now going to dispatch this deede?

Execu. We are my Lord, and come to haue the warrant,
That we may be admitted where he is.
Gl. It was well thought vpon, I haue it here about me,
When you haue done repaire to Crosby place;
But sirs, be sudden in the execution,
Withall obdurate, doe not heare him pleade,
For Clarence is well spoken, and perhaps,
May, moue your harts to pitty if you marke him.
Exec. Tush feare not my Lo: we will not stand to prate,
Talkers are no good doers be assured:
We come to vse our hands, and not our tongues.
Gl. Your eies drop milstones when fooles eies drop teares,
I like you lads, about your businesse. *Exeunt.*

Enter Clarence, Brokenbury.

Brok. Why lookes your grace so heauily to day?
Clar. Oh I haue past a miserable night,
So full of vgly sights, of ghastly dreames,
That as I am a christian faithfull man,
I would not spend another such a night,
Though t were to buy a world of happy daies,
So full of dismall terror was the time.
Brok. What was your dreame, I long to heare you tell it.
Cla. Me thoughts I was imbarkt for Burgundy,
And in my company my brother Gloucester,
Who from my cabbine tempted me to walke,

Vpon

This portion is from the 1598 ed.